A prettie while theſe prettie creatures ſtand,
Like Iuorie conduits corall ceſterns filling:
One iuſtlie weepes, the other takes in hand
No cauſe, but companie of her drops ſpilling.
Their gentle ſex to weepe are often willing,
Greeuing themſelues to geſſe at others ſmarts,
And thē they drown their eies, or break their harts.

For men haue marble, women waxen mindes,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
The weake oppreſt, th'impreſſion of ſtrange kindes
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,
No more then waxe ſhall be accounted euill,
VVherein is ſtampt the ſemblance of a Deuill.

Their ſmoothneſſe; like a goodly champaine plaine,
Laies open all the little wormes that creepe,
In men as in a rough-growne groue remaine.
Caue-keeping euils that obſcurely ſleepe.
Through chriſtall wals ech little mote will peepe;
Though mē cā couer crimes with bold ſtern looks,
Poore womens faces are their owne faults books.

No

No man inueigh againſt the withered flowre,
But chide rough winter that the flowre hath k
Not that deuour'd, but that which doth deuou
Is worthie blame, ô let it not be hild
Poore womens faults, that they are ſo fulfild
VVith mens abuſes, thoſe proud Lords to
Make weak-made womē tenants to their

The preſident whereof in LVCRECE view,
Aſſail'd by night with circumſtances ſtrong
Of preſent death, and ſhame that might inſue
By that her death to do her husband wrong,
Such danger to reſiſtance did belong:
That dying feare through all her bodie ſpr
And who cannot abuſe a bodie dead?

By this milde patience bid faire LVCRECE
To the poore counterfaite of her complaynin
My girle, quoth ſhee, on what occaſion break
Thoſe tears frō thee, that downe thy cheeks a
If thou doſt weepe for griefe of my ſuſtaining:
Know gentle wench it ſmall auailes my mo
If tears could help, mine own would do m